

THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE



In the Rockies—Skiing That's Different
Lordly Living in France

WINTER 1975-76



1976 Lincoln Continental with 30,000 miles.

1976 Cadillac with 3,000 miles.

October 14, 1975. The Sausalito Handicap.
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And after 42 miles of highway driving and riding, 68 Cadillac owners out of 100 said the 1976 Lincoln

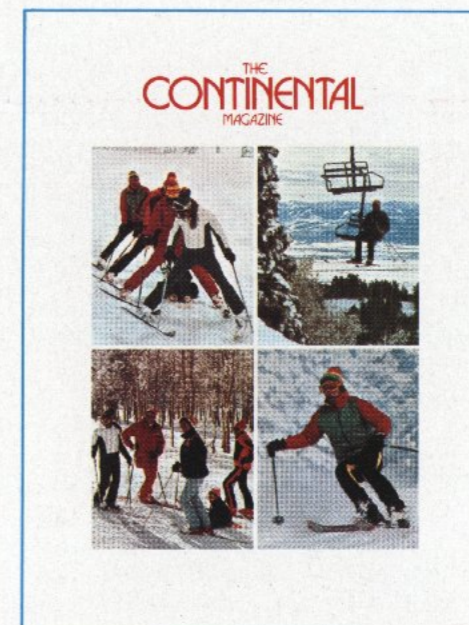
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LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 



Vol. 15 No. 3

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The front cover shows four scenes of skiing in the Grand Tetons, Wyoming.
The story appears on page 2.
Photographs by Leonard P. Johnson

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Civilized Skiing in the Grand Tetons

The slopes are steep and thrilling, but these Wyoming ski places thrive on dignity and the quiet life

by Boyd Hunter

Few ski areas in the nation would care to brag of the number of days, weeks or months when skiers cannot schuss their slopes. That's understandable, since winter resorts are bare for a good percentage of the year. Even in the Rockies, a region noted for superb and dependable snow, the season at most places begins in November and is ended by April.

However, there is a ski resort where the management might actually brag about the length of its off-season because it is so short. In a normal year at this skier's paradise it is possible to begin in October and not hang up your skis until the Fourth of July—a mere three to four months of pause between seasons. The name of this amazing place is Grand Targhee. It is one of skiing's best kept secrets.

Situated in northwestern Wyoming, Grand Targhee is made remote by the proximity of the Teton Range. Important to Grand Targhee

is the fact that this granitic barrier, approaching 14,000 feet in elevation and extending some 40 miles south of Yellowstone National Park, exerts a primary influence over the region's weather. Intercepting frequent storms from the Northwest, the Tetons generate some of the wintriest weather in the nation. And Grand Targhee, lying at the edge of the Tetons' western slopes, is the direct beneficiary of all this—some 500 inches of snow in an average year!

Equally difficult to find today are regions that have remained as unsullied as this one. Grand Targhee lies in the heart of one of America's last great reaches of unspoiled wilderness. Within sight—and almost within sound—of this resort grizzly bears still roam. Immediately adjacent to the ski area itself are nearly a quarter of a

million acres of the Targhee National Forest planned for preservation as a wilderness area by the Forest Service.

It would seem that this resort must be overrun with people. Quite the opposite is true, however. In its splendid isolation, Grand Targhee has remained relatively undiscovered. That's not to imply that facilities here are primitive, for they are not. In fact, dollar for dollar, Targhee must rank as one of skiing's great values. First, the dependable snow assures perfect conditions throughout the season, an important factor for the skier who wants the most from his or her winter vacation dollar.

As for sleeping and meals, the resort is strictly first class, but at





affordable prices. For example, an overnight luxury condominium to sleep eight can be rented for only \$8 per person per day. There are 250 overnight accommodations at the resort itself, with another 250 or so available in nearby Teton Valley. On the epicurean side, you will not find a great selection of eating establishments here. But Targhee's restaurant serves excellent food in pleasant surroundings. Before enjoying

dinner, you can also soak away the aches of a hard day's skiing in the heated, year-round pool.

Finally, in times when lift tickets elsewhere keep climbing ever higher in price, you'll be pleasantly surprised at prices here. It is the kind of skiing bargain that will appeal to families who might have considered a resort vacation a little out of reach.

And what about the all-important skiing itself? Can Targhee compare with other great ski areas? Let's put it this way: Those accustomed to the confinement of trails at

other resorts will find Targhee's slopes as liberating as they are exhilarating. This is vast, open-slope skiing, at or above timberline for the most part and with more than 1000 acres of skiable terrain. For sheer excitement and challenge, few other places on the continent can match it.

One of those places that might rival Targhee is its closest neighbor, the Jackson Hole Ski Area, "just over the hill," as they say in these parts, that "hill" being the Teton Range. Like Targhee, Jackson Hole (or Teton Village, as it is referred to locally) was once the Great Undiscovered. No more. A place like this just couldn't be kept

secret for long. In contrast to its western neighbor's solitude, Jackson Hole is much more of a swinging resort with numerous restaurants, colorful bars and boisterous nightlife. At Teton Village are accommodations ranging from luxurious at the Alpenhof, Hilton Inn, Sojourner Inn or Crystal Springs Inn, to simple economy at the Hostel. In addition, there are more than half a dozen condominiums and apartment houses to choose from. The Village also offers superb gourmet dining and nightly entertainment. Or if your tastes are a little simpler, you may enjoy the relaxed atmosphere of the Mangy Moose. The town of Jackson is only 10 minutes from the area, and here you may rub

elbows with local cowhands or Hollywood directors at the Silver Dollar Bar in the famed Wort Hotel, or take in a melodrama at the Pink Garter Theater, or simply wander along the board sidewalks.

For the really serious skier, Jackson Hole has the challenge. This is *big* mountain skiing—over 4000 vertical feet of it, the greatest vertical descent of all North American ski resorts. Served by a spectacular aerial tramway plus several chairlifts, the runs on Rendezvous Mountain range from merely exciting to near suicidal in one place (Corbett's Couloir). For most people the skiing here is a pleasant escape from frantic lift lines and 10-minute up-and-down runs that one eastern immigrant refers to as "yo-yo skiing." Depending upon your ability and pace, one run from the top of

Rendezvous can take up to two hours, and five full runs a day is a lot of skiing. More than most people can handle, in fact. Like Targhee, this is also largely open-slope, deep-powder skiing—some of the best there is.

Grand Targhee. Jackson Hole. They are alike in many ways, different in many others. Both bring a unique flavor to skiing and both share some mountain country that is unrivalled in scenic beauty. If one had to choose, which would it be? The solitude and simpler fare of Grand Targhee? Or the luxury and swinging atmosphere of Jackson Hole? Big, *big* runs on the eastern side? Equally challenging slopes and extended season on the west? Tough decision. The only resolution to such a conflict is to try them both.

Write to Grand Targhee Resort, Alta, Wyoming via Driggs, Idaho 83422, and Teton Village Resort Association, Teton Village, Wyoming 83025.

All photographs taken at Grand Targhee Resort, Alta, Wyoming, by Leonard P. Johnson



The Beauty of Tiles

These ceramic squares and hexagons are not only useful, they are works of art as well



Designer working on Franciscan tiles. Photo courtesy Interpace, Los Angeles

Tiles have been a somewhat neglected aspect of the decorative arts in this country. It wasn't until Americans became overseas travelers, following World War II, that they discovered what a world of beauty there is in tiles. Strolling the streets of Spain, Italy, Portugal and Latin America they saw squares and hexagons of ceramic so subtly colored and designed as to open up new horizons of decoration.

Tiles are not exactly new in the U.S. They have been made in Ohio,

Pennsylvania and other clay-rich areas for a century, but for the most part they have been functional and rather drab. By and large their use was confined to kitchens and bathrooms because they were durable and easy to maintain. The colors were generally monochromatic and uninspired.

For some time, of course, we have known about Dutch tiles—Delft—with their cool and soothing shades of blue and the pleasant patterns and scenes glazed on them. It was the Latin countries,



Top: Array of tiles courtesy of Ceramic Tile Institute, Los Angeles; center left: entrance pool designed by Dorothy Paul F.A.I.S.D., Los Angeles; center right: bath (Interpace photograph); bottom left: stairway (Interpace photograph); bottom right: fireplace tiles from Plain and Fancy Accents, San Marino, California

however, that revealed the true possibilities of color in tiles, showing wonderful designs on walls, patios, walkways and tables. Some tiles are such aesthetic achievements that they are preserved in museums; visitors will find them on display in the Prado in Madrid, for example.

Interest in tiles for their decorative possibilities is very much on the rise right now. They are being imported and American manufacturers are broadening their own range of colors and patterns.

Top: Interpace photograph of kitchen;
center left: custom-designed tile floor
with interior design by Dorothy Paul;
center right: bathroom tile from Plain
and Fancy Accents; bottom left: Interpace
photograph; bottom right: tile mural
from Interpace



People are beginning to use them in the same ways that well-off residents of Latin countries use them—to make the surroundings, including swimming pools and conservatories, more colorful, orderly and attractive. Simultaneously, they are beginning to get the attention of contemporary designers, so that arrangements of tile can be seen now as modern art. Also, collectors are acquiring individual tiles in their travels, not primarily to mount them but merely to have pieces around for the fun of it.

Tiles of high quality are not easy to find except in our biggest cities. Here are four excellent sources in the East:

Elon, 964 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Bathworks, 94 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Agency Tile, 979 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Giurdanella, 4 Bond Street, New York, N. Y. 10009

On the West Coast, write to Ceramic Tile Institute, 700 North Virgil, Los Angeles, Cal. 90029.

Plain & Fancy Accents, 1012 Huntington Drive, San Marino, Cal. 91108

Interpace (Franciscan Tile), 2901 Los Feliz, Los Angeles, Cal. 90039

In the Detroit area, see The Tile Stop, 870 Bowers, Birmingham, Michigan 48011



Fine Dining on the Bicentennial Trail

Here are some superior restaurants in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia

by John Dorsey

This summer will see more motoring than usual along the East Coast, as Bicentennial events draw tourists to cities associated with American origins—among them Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. For those visitors who want to dine well, I've got a little list of superior restaurants.

Washington, which in the last 15 years or so has become one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, has so many fine restaurants that it presents an *embarras de richesses* to the writer who must choose a mere three or four. But if the city has one restaurant

with a reputation higher than all the others it may be Jean-Pierre, at 1835 K Street, N.W. The owners, Jean-Pierre Goyenvalle and Jean Michel Faret, are there, in the kitchen and dining room respectively, which goes a long way toward explaining the establishment's consistently high quality. It is important to get the waiters to mention dishes not listed. Also, the restaurant will try to produce your favorite dish if given sufficient notice. The real point of Jean-Pierre is that whatever it does is done superbly.

For lunch, or a dinner first course, try the deliciously light quenelles of pike in a rich lobster sauce adorned with tiny shrimps; the

Illustrations by M. Rupp



dish is justifiably famous. Less filling as an appetizer are the mussels in garlic and butter sauce, or a spot of pâté. Entrees may include such game as squab or venison, but I prefer to choose from among the delicate salmon in champagne sauce, sweetbreads in cream with morels, chicken tarragon, an elegant rack of lamb garnished with fresh vegetables or veal Savoyard, a rich concoction with cheese, ham and mushrooms in a cream sauce laced with Madeira. There is an excellent wine list.

Almost next door to Jeane-Pierre, at 1915 K Street, N.W., is Tiberio,

stuffing and truffles.

For an appetizer, try the tortellini gratinati McIntyre (a good Italian name, that): small round pasta filled with nutmeg-flavored ground meat, served under a béchamel sprinkled with cheese. Then go on to sole *buona donna*, light as a cloud under cream, white wine and mushrooms; veal Amerigo Vespucci, in wine with truffles, cream, brandy and mushrooms; simpler but exquisite lamb cutlets marinated with rosemary and garlic and broiled. With these try a Barolo or Barbaresco, red wines from the Piedmont region.

A restaurant in an apartment house, Csikos (Hungarian), in the Broadmoor at 3601 Connecticut Avenue, is offbeat and charming. The dining room, with its glass-front cabinet filled with china, its slithering violins (recorded) and its bolero-vested waiters, looks like something out of a 1939 movie set in Budapest, and one half-expects to see Hedy Lamarr over there in a corner with Charles Boyer. Atmosphere like that is hard to find, and so is salmon

strudel, or a rich but heavenly purée of chestnuts.

There was a time when Washington was thought of as a suburb of Baltimore. Now it's the other way around, but we Baltimoreans have been improving, too. Where once a crab imperial was the height of gastronomic sophistication, we now have restaurants of many nationalities as well as our tried-and-true Maryland-American ones which of course specialize in seafood from Chesapeake Bay. One of the finest local restaurants is also one of the oldest and most beloved—Marconi's at 106 West Saratoga Street.

Years ago, whenever people new to Baltimore asked me for the names of some restaurants, I put Marconi's at the top of the list. Specialties are the sole dishes, of which I like best Marguery, with lobster and shrimp in a

Newburg-like sauce with a huge mushroom cap on top. Then there is the well-known lobster Cardinal, rich but luscious; or try sweetbreads any way, but Bordelaise if they are on the menu; or chicken Tetrizzini, unusually delicate and not for jaded palates. A luncheon favorite is eggs Florentine. Marconi's, which as you will have gathered by now is both French and Italian, also does such local standards as soft crabs as well as any restaurant in town, and the same for the lamb chops. Vegetables are given the proper attention, and favorites are zucchini, creamed spinach and eggplant.

Everyone coming to Baltimore should try our seafood, in all its many guises, and there are any number of places to find it. Probably the most typical dishes are sautéed soft crabs, oysters on the half shell and steamed hard crabs.

For the soft crabs, see above under Marconi's; for oysters on the half shell, any good restaurant or the Lexington Market's raw bar, one of the last of a diminishing species.

One of the most elegant and popular restaurants in town is Tio Pepe at 10 East Franklin Street. Located in a group of cellars with whitewashed stone walls on which hang Spanish shawls for color, the Spanish restaurant is noisy but terribly in (reservations for a weekend sometimes must be made several weeks in advance). For an appetizer or for lunch I recommend the shrimp marinated in garlic and served in a peppery sauce; there are also good mussels in green sauce from time to time, and mushrooms on toast under a light cheese sauce all the time.

Soups include gazpacho, of course, but I prefer the black bean. Then I go on to tenderloin in brown sauce with truffles and mushrooms and garnished with tomatoes and spinach, or sole with bananas (much better than it sounds), or chicken and lobster in seafood sauce, or tournedos

dessert cart—pine nut, walnut, almond or chocolate.

There is too little space left for Philadelphia, but I must mention Le Bec-Fin, at 1312 Spruce Street. Georges Perrier, who trained, among other places, at La Pyramide, one of France's most famous three-stars, has created an intimate restaurant (it seats only 35 or so and reservations must be made far in advance for weekends) which has been called the best French restaurant on the East Coast. Soups and fish are perhaps his greatest specialties, and no one should miss the oysters in



a recent addition to the Washington scene. I like it for its cheerful dining room, nicely divided by wide arches, decorated with bright paintings and imaginatively lighted. The cuisine is predominantly northern Italian, with a few bows to the south, and the restaurant is right up there with the best in town. The chef unleashes his expertise on no fewer than 30-odd principal dishes. The offerings range from roast quail with glazed grapes to beef filet with goose liver

smoked the Hungarian way, sweet and smooth, or fish soup, red with real Hungarian paprika, or eggs Casino as a first course. Then someone must have Transylvania goulash for the name alone, not to mention the zestful combination of pork and sauerkraut. Calves Liver with tomatoes, green pepper and onion may sound odd but the combination works well, and the rabbit in its delicate, slightly sweet sauce is lovely. I like the desserts at Csikos—filled crêpes, apple

Tio Pepe. For two, there is the traditional paella, the Tio Pepe version boasting mussels and lobster tails in addition to the chicken and chorizo; or the heavily garlicked but superior rack of lamb.

Vegetables come with main courses, making the à la carte list all but superfluous; for those who must, there are artichoke hearts Hollandaise and spinach with pine nuts and raisins. The salad is a must, and so is a piece of one of the fabulous rolled cakes on the

champagne sauce, the quenelles de brochet, the lobster bisque. Everything at this restaurant conspires to produce a beautiful dining experience.

It is an accepted fact that dining along the East Coast is generally a fine experience, to be equalled only in New Orleans and San Francisco. The restaurants presented here will support that view, although the list is brief and opinions of "best" are always subject to argument.

1976. The year to make a Mark for yourself.

Some of the most significant designers in the world have coordinated the colors and put their names on special limited editions of the 1976 Continental Mark IV.

The Cartier Edition Mark IV is a creamy grey—the color of fresh water pearls—with a matching landau roof. The interior: pearl grey velour or leather-and-vinyl.

The Pucci Edition Mark IV is a vintage burgundy with a landau roof in gleaming silver vinyl. Inside, velvety burgundy velour with a

loose pillow-back look.

The Givenchy Edition Mark IV is the lush turquoise of the Mediterranean with velour upholstery to match and a white landau roof.

The Bill Blass Edition Mark IV is as blue as a Bill Blass blazer, with a cream-colored landau roof. Navy velour upholstery. Or choose blue and cream leather-and-vinyl.

Each Designer Edition wears the designer's golden signature on its opera windows and on an engraved instrument panel plate...which

will be personalized with your name as well.

For 1976, at slight extra cost, Cartier, Pucci, Givenchy, Bill Blass will help you make a Mark for yourself. Talk to your dealer about buying or leasing a Designer Edition Mark IV.

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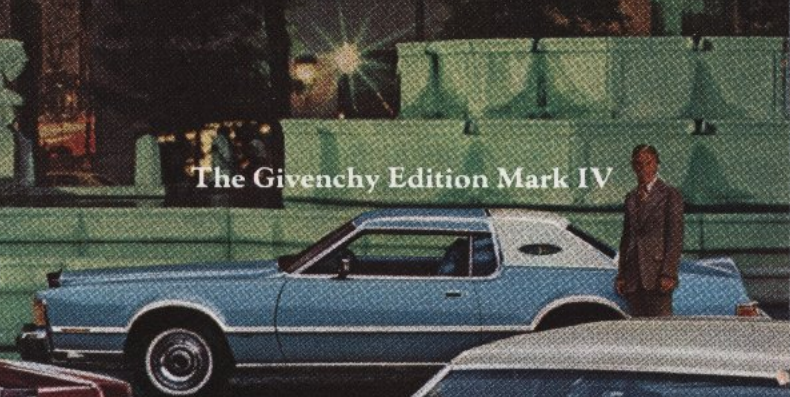
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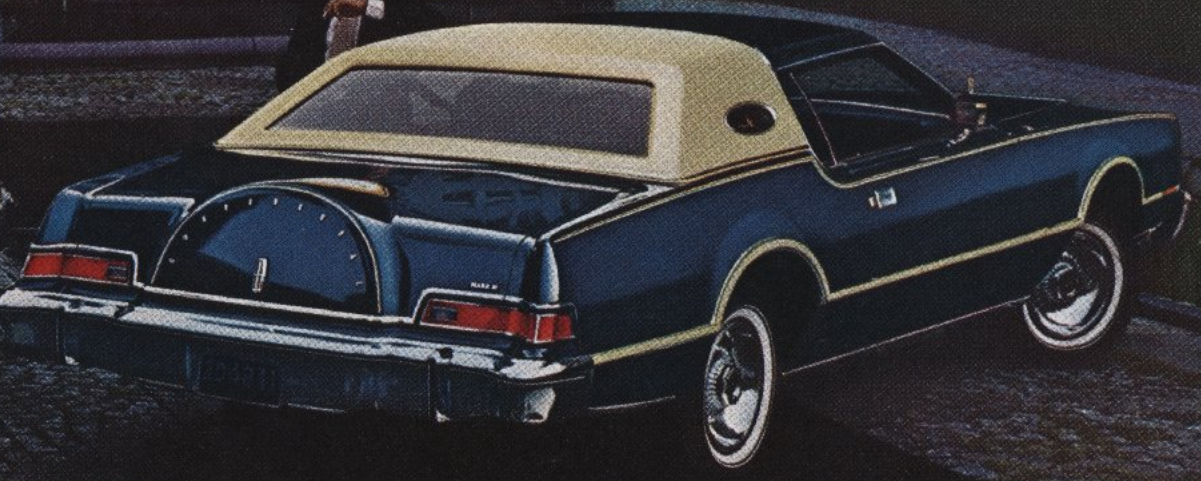
The Pucci Edition Mark IV



The Cartier Edition Mark IV



The Givenchy Edition Mark IV



The Bill Blass Edition Mark IV

Introducing the Mark IV Designer Series

Lordly Living in France

The key to superb travel in this beautiful country is accommodations at the châteaux-hôtels

by Mary Augusta Rodgers



Breakfast tray, with flowers, at the Château d'Artigny

Before setting out to travel in France, you should know about a hotel chain called the Relais de Campagne and Châteaux Hôtels. Behind this unwieldy title is an association of some 140 establishments located all over France—the kind of hotels that become part of the pleasure of a trip.

The Relais-Châteaux organization imposes high standards on its members. A pleasant, welcoming atmosphere, quiet, comfort and good food—these are attributes that are insisted on.

The official listing divides the hotels into two groups: the relais and châteaux hotels—generally described as “luxurious country

inns”—and the “relais de montagne,” those in the mountains. Taken together, these are remarkable places. There are seaside resorts, mountain chalets, turreted castles, ancient abbeys, country houses deep in woods. The settings can be spectacular; the Château de la Chèvre d’Or, shaded by wisteria and lemon trees, is built against a cliff overlooking a medieval village and the Mediterranean.

The Auberge du Père Bise, a rustic inn with a renowned restaurant, is on the shores of Lake Annecy, with the French Alps looming in the background. The Auberge de la Montespan, outside of Orleans, was a hunting

lodge owned by the mistress of Louis XIV. Robert Louis Stevenson lived in the house that is now the Hôtellerie de Bas-Breau in the lovely little town of Barbizon, near Fontainebleau.

And then there is the châteaux country of the Loire Valley, a natural setting for Relais-Châteaux hotels. It has always been popular with American visitors, for the same reasons that attracted the Valois kings and their courtiers in the 15th century; it’s a beautiful region with a good climate where it’s easy to live well. It’s not far from Paris. And it has splendid castles that stand as monuments to a fascinating history.

Here are some notes and



The main hall of the Château d'Artigny

observations on Relais-Châteaux hotels after a recent visit to the Loire Valley. It’s not an over-all review, so take good food and service for granted if they are not mentioned. Each of the hotels has its own distinctive style; all of them offer luxury accommodations and the pleasures of the countryside. Activities like horseback riding, fishing and hunting are often available on the hotel grounds, or easily arranged for, in addition to such amenities as heated swimming pools and tennis courts.

Hotel Ricordeau in Loue, 20 miles west of Le Mans. A family-owned place, with that kind of feeling. It’s an old coach stop;

white shutters open in front on a sleepy village street and in back on a charming garden. The wine cellar is memorable. So is the food, prepared under the direction of M. Ricordeau, the head chef. Our dinner began with an aperitif that’s a house specialty—a glass of champagne with a splash of vermouth and a strawberry liqueur—and went to include a fish course (St. Pierre à l’oseille); veal kidneys in sauce chasseur, with a noble bottle of Château Brane Cantenac-Margaux 1966; a green salad with fresh herbs; cheese and, for dessert, a cold raspberry soufflé with raspberry sauce and rolled almond cookies.

La Prieuré in Chênehutte-les-

Tuffeaux, four miles west of Saumur. This was originally a priory, built in the 12th and 15th centuries (it has towers and narrow, winding stone stairways, and unexpected entrances and exits). A medieval suit of armor stands in the reception room near the desk.

The location is superb. La Prieuré is on a hill, surrounded by 60 acres of a private park, and overlooks the Loire River; the view from the dining room, and the terraces below, is dazzling. There was drama in the dining room one evening when one of the American guests was overcome at the sight of a monumental chocolate dessert being

wheeled toward her on a cart. She clasped her hands and gave a small scream. And guests at nearby tables burst into applause.

There are many interesting places to visit in and around Saumur, notably the Abbey at Fontevault, which contains the tombs of the Plantagenets—Richard Coeur de Lion, Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine—and the only Romanesque kitchen left in France. The château de Saumur overlooks the town and the river from the summit of a steep white cliff; built in the late 14th century, it contains two museums, one devoted to the Decorative Arts and the other to The Horse.

The Château de Marçay, at Chinon: an impressive 15th-century château with walls five feet thick. There's a framed and faded notice of the public sale of the château and its land at the time of the French Revolution. The rooms are beautifully furnished with the kind of furniture you'd like in your own house: leather-bound books in the shelves of an antique desk, along with a soothing ambiance of polished brass and waxed floors and lots of flowers.

The Domaine des Hauts de Loire, at Onzain. This is near the château of Chaumont, and Cheverny, Chambord and Blois are not far away. It's part of an old estate and is grouped with the Château de Marçay because the two are very much alike in their elegant country-house decor, well-tended grounds, and their large and luxuriously appointed bathrooms. There is nothing quite like a long soak in a hot tub full of bubbles and a good rinse with a showering device that's held in the hand, like a telephone, and a short nap while wrapped in a voluminous terrycloth robe to repair the ravages of travel.

(At the time of our visit, the Domaine had not opened its dining room but this was expected in a few months' time. Arrangements were made for guests to have dinner at the *Hôtellerie du Château à Chaumont*, which rates a star in the Michelin Guide.)



Opposite page, front of *La Domaine de la Tortinière*, near Tours, and below, the kitchen in *Le Prieuré*; right, breakfast on the terrace of *Le Prieuré*

The Château d'Artigny in Montbazou, near Tours, and the heart of the châteaux country. Four of the most famous châteaux are in the area: Azay-le-Rideau, Amboise, Villandry and Chenonceaux.

This hotel was built in 1927 by Francois Coty, the perfume manufacturer, and it is very grand. The rooms are large, high-ceilinged, full of light. I hope no one will misunderstand when I say that my favorite room there is the bar; it proves, among other things, that bars do not have to have the lighting and atmosphere of a damp cave. It was there, sitting on a blue velvet sofa, sipping a *kir* and trying not to eat a whole plate of hot tomato-cheese-and-mushroom hors d'oeuvres, that I began to acquire a *Madame la Contesse* complex.

Domaine de la Tortinière, in Montbazou. A small, dainty château overlooking the Indre River valley and, in the opinion of many, the darling of them all. The woods were full of autumn crocuses when we were there and the sound of singing birds. We had lunch from a menu that offered fresh melon cup with wild strawberries, hot pike grilled in butter, roast beef filets with ratatouille, choice of 12 cheeses and 18 desserts. And the wine? There is a fine selection, particularly of wines from the Loire—"that good September soup," as Rabelais called it, and he was a local lad who must have known all about the white wines of Pouilly and Sancerre, Vouvray and Saumur, and the red wines of Touraine, like Chinon and Bourgueil, with their faint, fresh taste of raspberries.

Auberge des Templiers at Les Bezards. The main building, bright and cozy, was an old coach stop and there are luxurious cottages with thatched roofs in the grounds behind. The châteaux of Sully and Gien are not far, and Paris is only 80 miles away—one of many reasons why this is a popular weekend retreat. Salmon



souffle and chicken *au vinaigre d'Orleans* are two of the specialties of an excellent kitchen.

Finally, a true story about a man and his wife who were touring the Loire Valley and staying in Relais-Châteaux hotels. The first sign of trouble occurred at the last hotel: he couldn't find it. After inquiries at the nearest village, he proceeded as directed—seven miles and then turn left at a large gate; you can't miss it. He then found himself at the entrance of an imposing estate—fine grounds, a number of cars parked around a circular drive, an open door, a hunting dog lying by the fireplace in an attractive reception room.

All as expected, except that there was no one around. He

heard voices, followed the sound, and found himself looking at a circle of polite and surprised faces—the owner of the place, his wife, and friends who were sitting around the kitchen, eating bread and cheese and drinking wine. The château hôtel? *Mais oui*, that was seven miles from the village, just as he'd been directed, but on the other side of town. The visitor apologized for his intrusion, said goodbye, and departed without dismay.

"After all," he said, "it was a mistake that anyone could have made." A directory of the Relais-Châteaux may be obtained by writing to the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Autographs — Much More Than a Signature

Collecting hand-written documents of the famous is the thinking man's pursuit

In New York alone, recent auctions produced such diverse items as a letter from Johannes Brahms ("I wrote the lullaby yesterday just for your little one . . ."); a check, or bill of exchange, signed by the poet Lord Byron; a document from President Ulysses S. Grant authorizing a whaling expedition; a letter from King Edward VIII cancelling his holiday plans because of his impending abdication; the opening three bars of *Rhapsody in Blue*, penned and signed by George Gershwin for a friend.

Such diverse items only begin to hint at the scope of subjects of particular interest to the flourishing breed of autograph collectors—collectors of the specific or general, historical or literary, cultural or military, pursued with intelligence and knowledge and uncommon tenacity. And at less cost than most collecting hobbies. "In no other field of collecting can you build a really distinguished collection for so small an investment," writes the expert collector/dealer Charles Hamilton.

If you still think of "autograph collecting" only as a mob of teen-agers pushing ballpoints at rock stars, think again. To define terms, those are merely signatures, and not very valuable ones at that. Webster's dictionary gets the terms straight for us: *Signature*: The name of any person, written with his own hand. *Autograph*: That which is written with one's own hand; an original, or author's manuscript; or person's own signature or handwriting. *Holograph*: A document, as a will, wholly in the handwriting of the purported author. The terms used in catalogs are A.L.S. (Autograph letter signed); A.N.S. (Autograph note signed); L.S. (Letter signed); D.S. (Document signed); A.M.S. (Autograph manuscript signed); A.Q.S. (Autograph quotation signed.)

These are terms that will become enticingly famil-



Gershwin item recently brought \$675 at auction

iar to the neophyte collector, whatever his particular area of interest—whether he is collecting for himself, or buying a very personal and unusual present for a friend or colleague. The rewards of *philography* (a word coined to mean love of that which is written) are those of an intellectual treasure hunt: finding letters or documents that may cast sidelights on historical or cultural events, and most interestingly, on the character of the writers themselves.

Autograph collections can take an infinite number of shapes, depending on personal tastes or interests. The more classical types of collections can be: all American presidents; all the signers of the Declaration of Independence (a tough one); favorite authors (Mark Twain and George Bernard Shaw are among the most sought after); bars of music hand-penned and signed by favorite composers; painters' signatures or drawings on letters or prints. History buffs might concentrate specifically on letters from the generals in the Revolutionary or Civil War. (Washington, for example, is readily available.)

There are several caveats for the beginner, of course. Prices of some autographs, depending on their rarity or the condition and contents of the document, have increased enormously in recent years. Libraries and other professional collectors are increasing their collections and constitute serious competition for the top prizes. There are, of course, many forgeries and other fairly worthless documents on the market. A beginner should study his subject first (Mr. Hamilton has written nine books in the field and there are many other good ones available) to get a basic idea of types of documents available.

One of the oldest and most respected firms is that of Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc. (P. O. Box 255, Hunter, New York 12442), established in

1887 and now run by Mary A. Benjamin, whose expertise in the field is universally respected. At one auction several years ago at a famous Manhattan gallery, for example, the auctioneer was offering a letter from George Washington, when someone in the audience snorted. When he saw that it was Mary Benjamin (who recognized the hand of Robert Spring, one of the 19th century's most accomplished forgers) the letter was hastily withdrawn from sale.

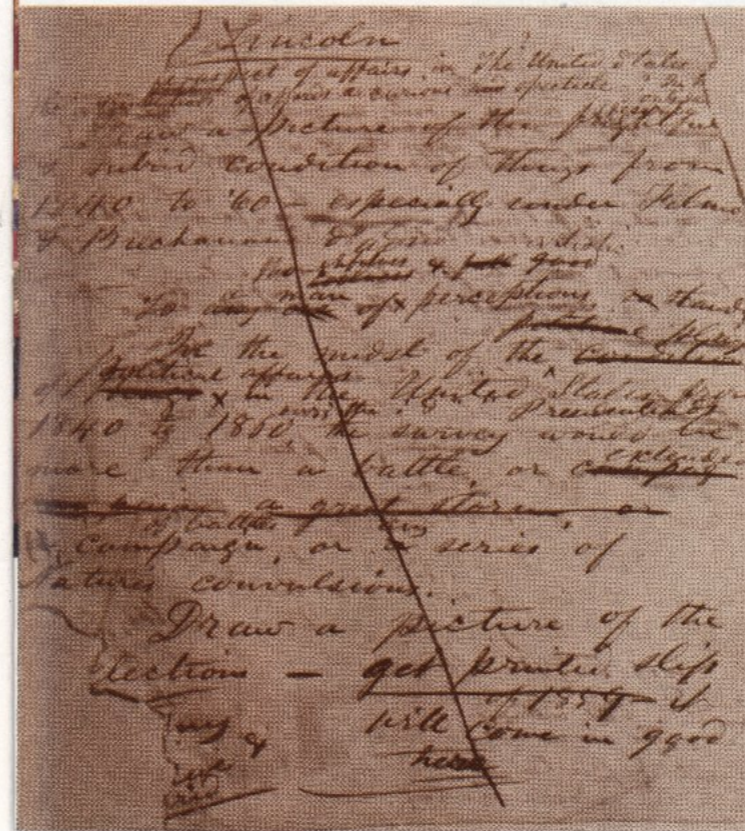
Benjamin sends out a periodic catalog called "The Collector" listing current items available. The fascinating list in a recent edition included a rare and valuable (\$1500) letter from the South American leader Simon Bolivar; a letter from Claude Debussy (\$250) sending opera tickets to a friend; and signed, inscribed photographs of several Presidents for as little as \$20—that being the price for Herbert Hoover's.

Dealers like Charles Hamilton and Mary Benjamin, and others throughout the country, are the best sources for the experienced or inexperienced collector. Sotheby Parke Bernet, the New York auctioneers, recently included letters from Washington and Kipling among many others in an important sale of books, letters, and Americana (of particular interest right now because of the Bicentennial.)

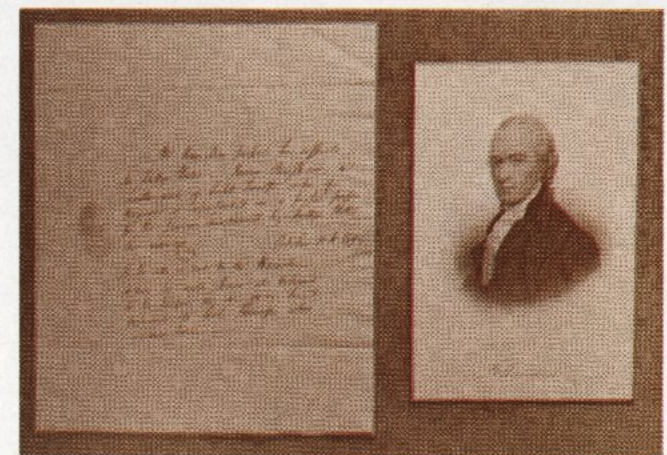
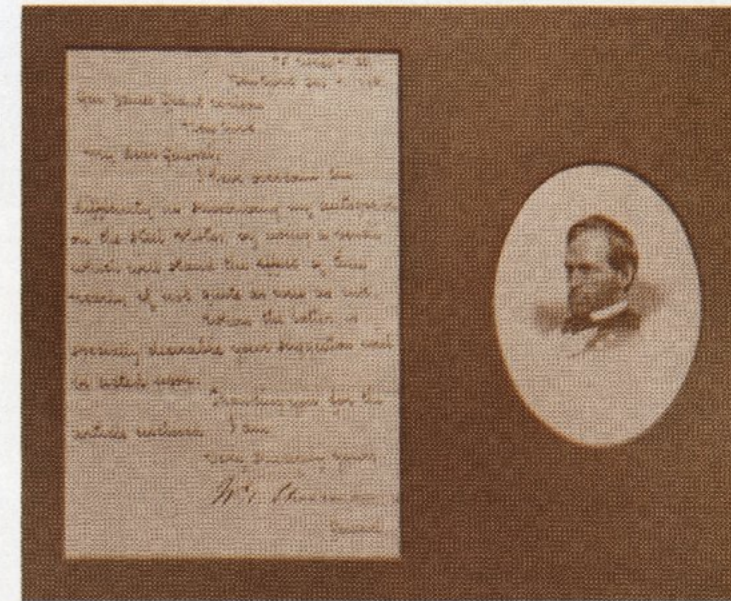
Other sources include department stores. B. Altman & Company, for example, features the Collector's Gallery in its Fifth Avenue store, where the manager, Robert Tollett, notes a rising interest in the autographs of composers, artists, Nobel Prize winners, and scientists. An ALS from Mozart or Sir Isaac Newton can fetch from \$5,000 to \$10,000, again according to condition and content.

Some authors were prolific letter writers, and their documents or manuscripts carry modest prices. H. L. Mencken's letters are plentiful, for example, and average \$25. Among 20th century writers, however, some prices have doubled or even tripled in recent years. Jerry E. Patterson, author of "Autographs: A Collector's Guide," describes Ernest Hemingway as the "unquestioned king of the market among 20th century writers." Letters from F. Scott Fitzgerald average \$250 to \$350.

The top prize, however, for the truly dedicated collector is an A.L.S. from Button Gwinnett. He was the representative from Georgia who signed the Declaration of Independence, then went home and died eight months after that historic date. He left so few autographs behind that one of his can easily command \$50,000—if you can find one.



Above: Lincoln fragment—anything written by Lincoln is worth at least \$500; top right: letter by General Sherman; Alexander Hamilton letter is valued at \$250



Photographs taken by Tom Geoly at Charles Hamilton Galleries, 25 E. 77th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021

A Wrap-up of Today's Fishing Tackle

Look how far we've come from the cane pole, the bent hook and the worm

by Robert H. Brown

I would not like the assignment of finding a household in which there is not at least one fishing rod in the attic, or the man who does not gravitate toward the tackle counters in a sporting goods store. Those multicolored displays are irresistible even when you don't know their purpose, from the subtle brown hues of delicate split-bamboo flyrods to the glitter of heavy trolling sticks with their chromed and exquisitely machined reel seats and roller guides. And then of course there are the lures of all sizes and shapes, from the nearly microscopic bits of fluff and hair called dry flies up to foot-long billfish baits that look like tie-dyed mop heads.

Although these devices sometimes fail to charm the fish, it is a sure thing that they will still entice fishermen. And while the thought of catching a fish—from a boy's first five-inch sunfish to the expert's goal of landing a permit on a flyrod—the thing that keeps anglers going during the dry spells is the gadgetry. No fisherman is ever satisfied just with the tackle he's got—a fact of life deeply appreciated by the makers of fishing equipment. But unlike James Heddon, who stumbled upon the idea for the first fishing plug while whittling by a stream bank nearly a century ago, today's fishing equipment manufacturers seek out innovation by calling upon electronics specialists, aerodynamicists and chemical engineers.

For instance, the latest develop-



Line from the Cortland Line Company, Cortland, N.Y.

ment in fishing rods comes from the chemical industry: shafts made of graphite, a material best known as a dry lubricant or the principal component in "lead" pencils. Obviously the graphite rod is not made of solid graphite but of strands of the material held in an epoxy-like suspension agent. In construction it is similar to fiberglass, which in fact is currently the most widely used material for making rod shafts (having replaced metal in the mid-fifties, which, had in turn, rivaled wood in the years prior to World War II).

The advantage of graphite is its extremely light weight, plus its ability to spring back to its original shape right after a cast. This yields more accurate and somewhat longer casts because less secondary vibration is transmitted through the fishing line as it flies through the air. Currently the cheapest graphite rods run around \$100, with the average being more like \$185 and something like an 8½-foot heavy duty flyrod running up to \$100 more. Of course, when it comes to flyrods it's doubtful that even something as exotic as a graphite rod will ever replace the handmade

individuality of split bamboo. A few companies like Orvis (Manchester, Vermont) still make rods like this in the old way and there is a waiting list of customers willing to pay up to \$400 for the privilege of owning one.

Even the fiberglass rods owned by the majority of anglers have benefited from space-age technology. In addition to the shafts themselves, which are stronger and lighter every year, the most significant new trend is in line guides. For many years fishermen looking to reduce friction, and thereby lengthen line life as well as casting distance, have bought rods with agate guides—which meant that the rods had to be delicately handled at all times because the thin rings of smoothly polished agate could crack or even shatter when dropped. Within the past two years aluminum oxide "special guides" have become available on top-line rods and they are even more friction-free than agate while being much more resistant to rough treatment.

Simultaneously, the line manufacturers have had their own molecular scientists at work developing even thinner lines with smoother finishes. Nowadays it is possible to buy 17-lb. test line as thin as the 10-lb. line of half a decade ago, which means longer casts, especially on windy days. In addition, it's even possible to buy "fluorescent line" in different colors for different light conditions. While this may sound like a frivolity, any fisherman who has lost a favorite plug behind a half submerged rock while retrieving a cast, or has spent two hours trying to untangle lines that have crossed

Fishing aids from the Orvis Company, Manchester, Vermont (photograph by Leonard P. Johnson)

while he was trolling, will attest that anything that helps him see his line better is worthwhile. Obviously, the converse is true at the other end of the line, and supposedly the unique reflective qualities of the fluorescent line reverse underwater where the line is supposed to be virtually impossible for a fish to see.

While technological sophistication has only lately come to rods and lines, fishing reels have always been masterpieces of engineering ingenuity and meticulous workmanship, in order to perform the variety of tasks required of them. The reel must not only store line, without twists, kinks or overlaps, it must release it in a smooth, controllable manner and retrieve it with the same requisites. In addition, when a fish is hooked the reel is expected to aid the angler by providing a variable friction "clutch," helping to tire the fish as it fights for its freedom. These clutches, or "brakes," must increase or decrease pressure in the smoothest manner possible and this is usually the principal difference between a moderately priced and a high-priced reel. If a brake sticks, even for a fraction of a second, a fighting mad four-pound small-mouth bass can easily snap line up to 8-lb. test just as quickly as a 36-pound striped bass can snap 17-lb. test line. Surprisingly, the favored material for brakes on expensive reels, whether spinning or revolving spool type, is oil-impregnated leather or felt—or at least clutch discs of leather or felt interspersed with metal or Teflon discs. Many conventional reels and almost all spinning reels are also designed so that the reel spools can quickly be changed to suit changing conditions. Thus, if you are trolling deep for striped bass with 20-lb. test line when a school of bluefish comes to the surface, it is possible to simply change to a spool of 10-lb. test line to start casting plugs (after adjusting the "brake" setting, of course). For all this versatility excellent reels are available for as little as \$30 to \$40, but outstanding reels fall into the \$70 to \$200 range until you get up into the highly specialized coffee-can-sized billfish and giant tuna



Top: Rods and reels from Garcia, Corp., Teaneck, N.J.; center: Stren fluorescent lines; bottom: (left) Model 125D electronic sonar Fish Finder®, (right) electronic temperature and depth finder—both from Herter's, Mitchell, S.D.

reels which can easily represent an investment of \$1,000.

Until now, we have dealt with developments that are, in fact, modifications of fishing equipment that could have been purchased a century ago. But the modern angler can also buy weapons for his arsenal that few people would have dreamed possible just a decade ago. Perhaps the best known is a "fish finder." Essentially it is a sonar similar to those developed for submarine detection in World War II. By sending out a sound wave and then recording the time it takes to bounce back to its source, the most sophisticated of these devices can actually pick out a single fish swimming beneath a boat and tell you at what depth it is located. Units like this generally print out such information on a moving strip of graph paper and cost about \$500. But there are less elaborate models on the market for around \$100 which use a flashing neon light to give you an accurate idea of what the bottom is like where you are fishing. In that way you can find shoals, ledges and holes likely to hold fish. Most of the portable models also let you know what type of bottom (rock, sand, mud) is beneath you by the type of light pattern they display and are sensitive enough to pick out dense schools of fish at depths to 120 feet or single fish at lesser depths.

To try to make sport fishing seem practical via some lame excuse about the food you bring back is only too quickly discounted by another modern-day marvel, the pocket calculator. A few button punches will prove that the per-pound cost of fish caught by the majority of sport fishermen probably approaches the per-pound cost of caviar. Steer clear of that trap. Admit that the whole idea is the fun and the challenge and that any investment that enhances either is justification in itself.

Photographs by Tom Geoly



Orchids photographed by Raymond Wiles at Belle Isle Conservatory, Detroit, Michigan

ORCHIDS

THE GREAT PASSION OF AMATEUR FLOWER GROWERS

Among the flowers that have attracted the attention of amateur growers, three are particularly popular—roses, dahlias and orchids. Societies are formed around them, and they inspire enormous enthusiasm. The growers of orchids—orchidists, they're called—are increasing in number. Besides the American Orchid Society, with some 15,000 members, there are about 250 local societies

scattered throughout the country. In all, there are well over 150,000 orchidists.

The flower itself belongs to the largest family of flowering plants; there are around 30,000 species. They grow everywhere on earth except in the polar regions. They occur most frequently, of course, in the tropics.

Something about orchids appeals to man's



taste for things strange and exotic. They are beautiful, complex, often insubstantial, unearthly. Thriving best in humidity, they exude the lush aura of hot countries. The orchid plant is a vine, and the flowers range in size from a fingernail to a large platter. They bear resemblances to butterflies, ducks, swans, people and Arabic numerals.

A hundred years ago, orchids were pretty much exclusive with wealthy people who had hothouses in which to grow them. In recent times it has been discovered that they can be grown at home. If lacking a greenhouse, the grower must do what he can to simulate one. Orchids may be grown in window boxes. A few can be grown in pots. Some are grown in cellars under fluorescent lights. It is important to see to it that humidity is high.

When a person decides he is ready to succumb to this fascinating hobby, he should find out if there is an orchid group nearby and he should join the American Orchid Society, whose address is Harvard Botanical Museum, Oxford Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. The former will have persons who know about local conditions and sources of plants; the latter will provide a monthly bulletin which ranges through every aspect of growing orchids.

Discoverers of orchids have slogged through the swamps and jungles of the tropical world and risked (and lost) their lives in pursuit of rare blooms. The amateur orchidist today needs only dedication and patience to enter the world of a very beautiful and interesting flower.



Continental Options for 1976

The standard car is complete, but here are some options left to the discretion of the buyer

The Continentals are a masterful blend of craftsmanship and technology—fine motor cars that will provide long-lasting driving pleasure. Standard equipment includes a 460-CID V-8 engine with Solid State Ignition, a Select-Shift automatic transmission, power steering, power windows, power brakes, automatic temperature control air conditioning, white sidewall steel-belted radial ply tires and six-way power seating, all designed to enhance operating ease and driving comfort.

In addition, there are a number of optional items that an owner may order to add an even higher level of luxury, comfort and convenience. Here are some of them:

AM/FM/Multiplex Radio with Quadrasonic-8 tape player. You can transform your Continental into something approaching a concert hall with this integration of three entertainment sound systems—AM radio, FM Monaural or Stereo radio, and 8-track Quadrasonic tape player. The superb acoustics are related to the fact that there is a separate sound track for each of four speakers, which are positioned one in each front door and one in each side of the rear package tray.

Reclining Passenger Seat. Adjustable to any desired position, the reclining seat back gives the passenger an opportunity to relax, possibly even to nap. On long trips, when more than one person does the driving, this option offers rest when needed.

Moonroof. With this power-operated sliding glass panel, you can have the open-air pleasure of a convertible or the quiet and privacy of a luxury sedan. For most



Reclining Passenger Seat



Moonroof



AM/FM/Multiplex Radio with Quadrasonic-8 tape player

tint colors the panel is made of one-way glass—passengers can see out but cannot be seen through the roof.

Wide Band White Sidewall Tires. These steel-belted radial ply tires have a wide dual band of white on the outer sidewall to create a look reminiscent of the great custom-made cars of the 20s and 30s.

"Sure-Track" Brake System. This computer-actuated electronic braking system can provide improved vehicle directional control at times when maximum braking effort is required. This is accomplished by an automatic rapid on-off application of the brakes which continues until the car has slowed to about 4 mph, or until the brake pedal is released. The system is available only with four-wheel power disc brakes.

Forged Aluminum Wheels. These attractive wheels complement the classic styling of the Continentals. The option includes five forged aluminum wheels which are lighter than the standard steel wheels.

Automatic Speed Control. Helps reduce fatigue on long trips by maintaining a steady car speed without the need for tiring foot pressure on the accelerator. With finger tip pressure on one of two rocker switches conveniently located on opposite ends of the steering wheel spoke the driver can activate the system, select the speed desired, accelerate speed, coast to a slower speed, or disengage the automatic speed control without ever touching the accelerator pedal. Just a touch on the brake pedal will also cancel the automatic speed control.

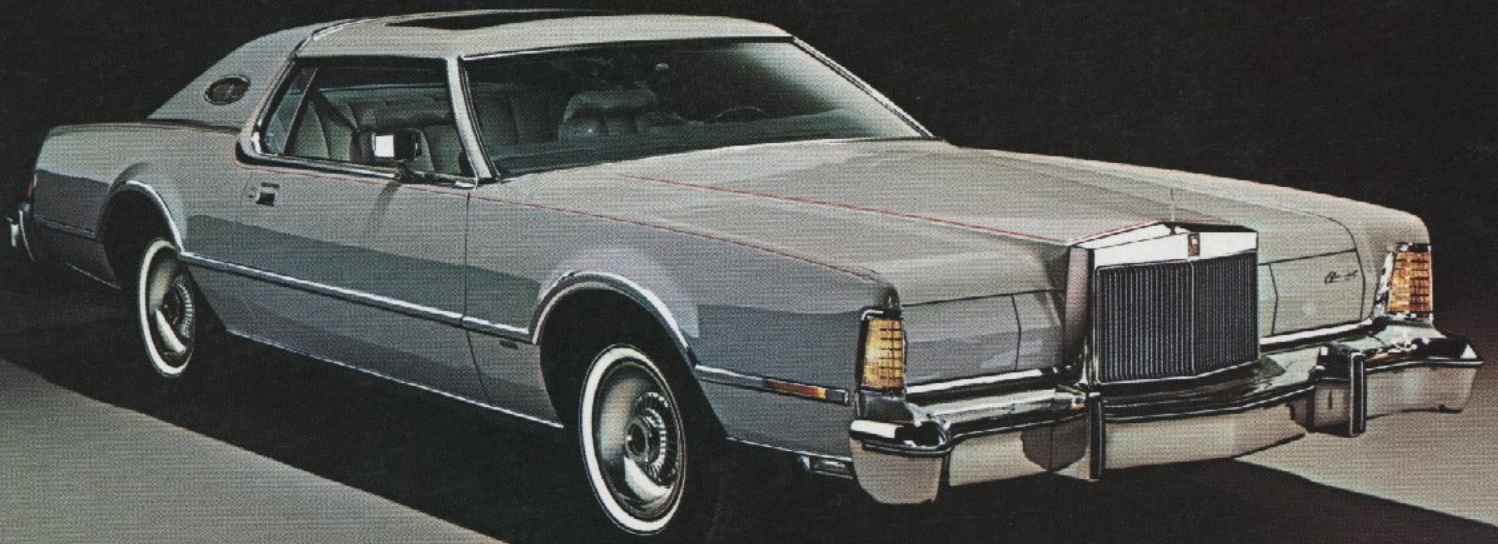
The 1976 Continentals . . . timeless styling . . . meticulous craftsmanship . . . precision engineering . . . offering the very latest in luxury features. Now more than ever, automobiles with lasting value.



Continental Magazine

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